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George Bancroft Esq.
with the respects of
the Author.

CALIDORE.

CALIDORE;

A LEGENDARY POEM:

BY WILLIAM J. PABODIE.

O leave the lily on its stem;
O leave the rose upon the spray;
O leave the elder bloom, fair maids!
And listen to my lay.

* * * * * * * *

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

COLERIDGE.

BOSTON:
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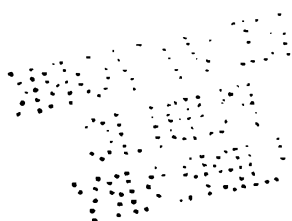

CALIDORE;

A Poem:

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE

SOCIETY OF UNITED BROTHERS,

OF BROWN UNIVERSITY;

On the day preceding Commencement, September 3, 1839.

BY WILLIAM J. PABODIE.

PART FIRST.

CALIDORE.

Part First.

I.

Beyond the Atlantic main, in other lands,
Lands, where each hill and dale and flowing stream
Is hallowed by some legend old and dim—
In that romantic country, far away,
A lonely lake reflects the varying sky,
Embosomed among mountains. Clear and pure
As our own Horicon its waters are;
And oft the boatman, as his fragile bark
Moves gently o'er its bosom, sees far down,
Aye, many a fathom down, in sportive play,
Its bright inhabitants glance in the sunlight;
While golden sands, and shells of varied hue,
And flowers more lovely than the vales may boast,

Gleam on his ravished sight. For many a mile
These crystal waters stretch towards the north—
And when the winds are hushed, and all is still,
Save where the wild-bird dips her ebon wing,
And scarce the wave breaks murm'rng on the beach,
Those mountains seem like giant sentinels,
Guarding its peaceful slumbers.

II.

Years are fled,
Aye centuries, like a dream, have passed away,
Since in a cottage on this lake's green marge,
A lonely widow held her quiet home.
She was of gentle blood, but here she chose,
In this sweet covert by the murmuring sea,
A calm retreat, where she might feed her thoughts
With pensive memories of departed joys,
Afar from the world's strife.

III.

Yet not alone
This widowed matron dwelt;—one child was her's,
Her solace and her hope, an only son.
Her husband fell in glory on the field;
And, one by one, she had beheld her boys,
Three noble youths, depart their childhood's home,
Depart, alas! and never more return.

They too had fallen in those deadly wars
Waged by the feudal chiefs, fallen ere their flower!
And now but one was left, a single charm
To win her thoughts from that bright world afar,
Whither the loved had fled. For tho' at times,
When sitting by her lonely ingle-cheek,
The silence of her dwelling smote her heart
With its appalling stillness—yet she felt
The world was not all desolate, for still
One bud was left to cherish, one sweet bud
Yet to unfold its petals to the sky,
Nursed into blossom by her fostering care.
And as the seasons passed, and day by day,
New beauties opened to her fond regard,
Less oft her heart would wander with the dead,
But fixed, at length, its stray affections here,
With all the fervor of an only love.

IV.

O, when the heart is torn, when, one by one,
The forms to which it clung are swept away,
If but a single object still remain,
Unharmed amid the storms of time and death,
How doth it stretch its severed tendrils forth,
And twine around this sole-remaining hope—
With what a deep intensity of love,
With what an anxious fondness!

V.

Such her true,
Unshared devotion to this opening flower.
Nor was the boy unworthy of a love
Even such as this—for from his earliest years,
He was a patient and a gentle child.
Nor his the patience that doth oftimes spring
From the soul's torpor—for his spirit lyre
To each, the slightest breeze that swept its chords
Answered responsive—but in part it rose
From that o'erflowing kindliness of heart,
That generous love for all things animate,
Which, of itself regardless, would not pain
The least of all its fellows; and in part
From the possession of a soul which found
A world within itself, and needed not
The aid of outward circumstance to wake
Its myriad emotions;—therefore 'twas
That howsoever the external world
Spread to his outward vision, howsoe'er
Shut out from all that feeds the bodily sense,
If but his spirit was left free to chase
The phantoms of its fancy, there he found
A glorious field of infinite expanse,
A field to which this broad and beautiful earth,
With all its variant changes and delights,
Is but a prison-house, a caverned cell.

VI.

Yet deem not that his bosom knew no love
For nature's varying beauties—in his heart
It dwelt with a pure passion. 'Twas from these
In recollection, that he oftimes cheered
His lonely hours, when winter's icy bonds
Or duties stern debarred him from their sight—
These modified by a creative soul,
And interfused with feelings strange and wild,
Such as the gifted spirit doth aye inform
The most inert of all earth's lovely shapes.
Yes, nature was his idol—well he loved
To rove beneath the forest's twilight shade,
And list the deep and solemn harmonies
That stir its lonely depths; or idly stray
Along the shores of that romantic lake,
And sometimes floating on its tranquil breast,
Yield his pure spirit to the influence
Sent from the sky, the wave, the mountain bank.

VII.

Nor was his mind untrained in other lore
Than that by nature taught. Far to the north,
On a lone isle, in that sequestered sea,
A monastery's darkly frowning walls
Cast their broad shadow o'er the placid wave.
'Twas here young Calidore oft moored his bark,

And pleas'd with his calm thoughtfulness, the monks
Had taught him much, that, in that warlike age
Was hardly known beyond the cloister's walls.
'Twas here he mused o'er Homer's sun-bright page,
And Virgil's calmer and more chastened light
Fell on his spirit with a rich increase.
And much he learned of old philosophies,
The garnered treasures of the glorious past,
But mostly loved, even in those earlier years,
Plato's diviner musings—there he found
Food for a soul intently bent to know
The darker mysteries that shroud its fate—
Scope for imagination's heavenlier flight!

VIII.

How beautiful a noble-hearted boy,
Ere yet the cares and tumult of the world
Have robbed the soul of its auroral bloom!
All winged aspirations and fond hopes
Flush his young face with gladness, for his heart,
Like the pure lapses of some lillied stream,
Reflects but images of beauty, nursed
By its own sustenant waters.

IX.

Such was he,
The youthful Calidore, and all who saw

Blessed his bright presence and his gentle looks,
And felt an instant gush of kindly love
For one so nobly fair; but mostly they,
Who saw him when his soul was deeply moved
By some intense emotion—when the storm
Swept from the mountains, as full oft it would,
Across those lonely waters, and he rushed
Forth, with a joyful heart; for tho' in mien
Gentle and mild, his spirit knew no fear,
But gloried in the elemental roar!
How his full eye dilated. as the hills
Shook with the echoing thunder, and the waves
Madly careered beneath the lurid gleam!
His dark hair floating wildly on the blast,
His broad, pale brow bared to the lightning's glance,
He seemed the very genius of the storm,
His spirit loved so well!

X.

And thus he lived,
Till passed, at length, his boyhood's vernal prime.
But now a change came o'er him, a sad change—
His eye grew wild and restless, and his cheek
Paled like the skies at twilight's solemn hour.
And many marked his melancholy mien,

His strange, unwonted sadness; and by one,
Who, with the fond eyes of maternal love,
Observed the slightest shade that crossed his brow,
Oft was he questioned; but he answered not,
He could not answer—even unto himself
It was a mystery;—he only knew
That life had lost its charm, that in his heart
There was a wide vacuity unfilled,
But wherefore dreamed not. Nature still he loved,
And with more passionate fondness than before,
But it sufficed not. Gheber never bowed
On Yezd's eternal mountains, with more deep,
More fervent adoration, than did he,
When first the awakening sun, with orient beam,
Streaked the clear azure vault, or rising, bathed
The answering world in beauty!—but his soul
Still yearned for other object. The bright stars
That bless'd his vision nightly--toward their spheres
He raised his clasped hands and called their names—
But to his heart they sent no answering tone;
Cold, voiceless, far, they did but mock his love,!
The streams which murm'rng flow, the joyous birds
That greeted him from bush and waving bough,
The flowers that odorous sprung beneath his feet,
All shared his fond affection—but within
The mighty yearning still was unassuaged.

XI.

And thus, with wild and ever anxious gaze,
He went in search of something to allay
His bosom's feverish thirst—but all in vain:
And oft from troubled thoughts he sought relief
In wild excitement, amid dangers stern.
No longer, when the tempest swept the lake,
He watched exultant from the sounding shore;
But launching on the waves his fragile bark,
Fled like a leaf before the autumnal blast.
What tho' death met him there!—he almost longed
To quench his burning heart beneath the flood,
And sleep in peace forever.

XII.

Thus two years,
Two weary years, with sluggish pace, went by.
But now the time at length had come, when life
Again should be a rapture, clothed in hues
More glorious far than at its earlier dawn!

PART SECOND.

PART SECOND.

I.

THE PENSIVE traveller by this lonely shore
Doth often pause, in meditation deep,
Beside a mouldering ruin, ivy grown,
Which, at the south-most border of the lake,
Mingles its fallen turrets with the waves.
A ruin now, but in those days of yore,
Its towers and battlements full proudly rose
High o'er the chrystal waters, eminent!

II.

'Twas here, in princely state, Sir Guyon lived,
A stern old baron of that feudal time.
He had a daughter, lovely as a dream,
The fair young Florimel—but now returned,

In maiden beauty, from her Sovereign's court,
Where, since her orphanage in tender years,
Each budding charm and every nobler power,
By kindly culture, had been well matured.
She came, and with her many a gallant knight,
Matron and maid, minstrel and troubadour.
Long had she been the idol of the court,
And now they followed to instal the maid,
With song and dance, with mask and revelry,
In her paternal castle. Years had passed
Since these old walls rung to such festive glee.

III.

Among the humbler guests assembled there,
To mingle in the joyous festival,
Was Calidore. 'Twas a new world to him,
And even now from his enchanted gaze
The pageant faded, when his eye once fell
On her, the mistress of the fairy scene.
He looked, and lo! his heart leaped to its goal,
Like lightning from the cloud!—his soul, at last,
Had found the object of its weary search!

IV.

With sylph-like air and ever-varying grace,

She floated on amid that happy throng,
The fairest among fair. And Calidore
Gazed till his heart swelled with tumultuous joy—
Afar he stood, not daring to approach;
Loud music shook the halls—he heard it not—
And many a lordly, many a lovely form
Swept by him in the pageant—yet he marked
But one alone of all that moving throng—
Eye, heart and soul were all concentered there.
But she observed him not, or if she saw,
'Twas but a passing glance that gave no heed.

V.

How gloriously the moon looked forth that night
As home he went along the whispering beach!—
All heaven and earth and sea far freshlier shone
Than ere before to his admiring sight;
His spirit reveled in its new-found joy!

VI.

And many weeks passed on, ere he again
Beheld the object of his constant thought;
But when pale evening stretched her veil abroad,
He launched his frail canoe, and watched the light
That streamed from her lone turret o'er the waves;
And if, perchance, he caught a transient glimpse
Of moving form, or faintly heard her voice,
As to her harp she sung in numbers sweet,

The dying saint, by gleams of heaven entranced,
Were hardly thrilled with more supernal bliss.

VII.

'Twas a bright day in Summer's golden prime,
That Calidore, moved by tumultuous thought,
By ardent longings and sweet phantasies,
Wandered beneath the forest's woven shade,
Dreaming of her;—for howsoever wild
Her airy fancies, whether on fairy foot,
They lightly tripped the earth, or winged, rose
High in the blue empyrean, she was still
Their peerless Cynosure. And thus he went
Thro' many a twilight path and sunny glade,
Where fragrant herbs exhaled their choicest sweets,
While voice of bird and bough and warbling brook
Commingled with the music of his soul.
And far he wandered, till oppressed with thought,
And burdened with his bosom's fond excess,
He stretched himself along the verdant turf,
Beneath the whispering boughs, and musing, slept.

VIII.

Lured by the cooling freshness of the woods,
The meek-eyed Florimel this day went forth;
And idly sauntering thro' its sombre aisles,
She chanced to pass where Calidore reclined.

She would have fled, but yet so pale he looked,
She questioned if 'twere life. He lived, he breathed;
Then wherefore doth she linger?—a sweet spell
Held her enchanted;—softly she approached,
And putting back, with one fair, trembling hand,
Her gathering tresses, bending enamoured, gazed.

IX.

She had beheld full many a gallant form
And face of manly seeming; she had looked
On Art's divine creations, bowed before
The marble, instinct with celestial warmth;
Yet never beamed on her admiring soul
The magic of such beauty, so divine,
So spiritually noble, as now fixed
Her too entranced vision!—Long she gazed,
While strange emotions played about her heart;
And as she still was bending o'er him, lo!
A gentle smile enwreathed his pallid cheek,
And in his dream he murmured, "Florimel!"

X.

She started—he awoke. Did he yet dream?
Was it the vision of his charmed sleep?
'Twas her, 'twas Florimel!—like timorous fawn,
With hurrying step she fled;—he called to her,
And won by the sweet music of his voice,

She paused, and blushing, waited his approach.

XI.

He knelt before her there and told his love;
How for long years he pined for aught to fill
His yearning heart, until at length she came,
And blessed him with her beauty !—for her love
He ventured not to ask—it were too much
Even for his thought—but, as some radiant star
Placed far above him in the azure heavens,
That he might worship her ! She answered not,
Yet from her eye such dewy lustre shone,
Such bliss seemed mantling in her heaving breast,
That even Calidore's unpractised glance
Read an ineffable tale, which, on his soul,
Like inspiration fell! They parted then,
They parted, but again full soon to meet;
And many were their blissful interviews
Beneath the spreading boughs of that old wood;
And there, in all her maiden innocence,
She plighted him her troth, her virgin heart.

XII.

Brief are the joys in this perturbed world;—
Sir Guyon soon, with brow of gathering ire,
Discerned their love, and sternly bid the maid
Never to meet him more. Would she espouse

A nameless boy—one who was hardly known
Beyond the limits of his cottage door?
What tho' his blood was gentle—was he meet
To wed the daughter of a princely house?
It was a thought his soul would never brook.

XIII.

One only hope was left for Calidore.
'Twas in that age, when, to the gloomy night
That long had brooded o'er the palsied earth,
The light of dawn was breaking broad and clear,
And souls, that steeped in darkness, long had slept,
Waking to raptures all unfelt before,
Hailed as a prophet him who bodied forth
Their strange emotions, with conceptions strong.
Not unrewarded was the poet then,
For every heart responded to his lay;
Riches and rank and, what he valued more,
Enwreathing laurels, wheresoe'er he went,
Were showered upon him with a lavish hand.

XIV.

Already Love had taught young Calidore
The witching art of divine poesie.
When none were near, the forest's lonely depths,
Had echoed to his harp's precursive flow—
And oft by night, far out upon the sea,

He raised his numbers to the silent stars;
Till many a rustic, dwelling by the shore,
Listening the strain, with superstitious awe,
Deemed that the Naiads of the deep had risen
To hold their revel on the glassy flood.

XV.

One hope was left for him—he would go forth
A wandering troubadour;—and he went forth—
He left his cottage home and her who there
Must dwell in loneliness till his return;—
With doubts and fears and many a long embrace,
He parted from the idol of his soul,
In search of that which might again restore,
A gentle bride, the loved one to his arms.
Into the world he went, and moons rolled on,
Ere to the dwellers by that lonely lake,
Tidings of him were borne—but when they came,
Fond eyes were dimmed with tears of holy joy,
And one young heart grew wild with kindling hope.

XVII.

'Twas said a youthful poet had arisen
To charm the world with sweetest minstrelsy—
That wheresoe'er he bent his roving steps,
To hall or bower, castle or princely court,
All hearts were thrilled to rapture by his strains.

And he could sing of deeds of chivalry,
Of noble daring on the ensanguined field,—
But when Love was his theme, such passion flowed
From his enchanted lips, and in his eye
And o'er his cheek such heavenly beauty flushed,
That they who heard and saw, in rapt amaze,
Deemed that a seraph from some holier sphere,
In human form before them stood revealed.

XVIII.

And thus he went triumphant on his way,
And princes strove who most should honor him,
And many a high-born maid of lineage long,
Pining for love of his sweet voice and eyes,
Essayed in vain to win some fond return;
And much they marveled that a heart so cold
Should e'er give birth to such impassioned strains.

XIX.

Thus twice twelve moons rolled on, when he returned
To claim the hand so long to him betrothed,
Not as he went, he came—no nameless boy—
But one whose fame had sounded thro' the land,
With still repeating echoes;—rank was his—
The magic influence of his Sovereign's sword
Had classed him with the noble of the realm.

He came, and of Sir Guyon asked a bride,
And met no stern refusal—the proud heart
Even of that haughty lord, more proudly swelled,
And felt itself ennobled by the suit.

XX.

And here I fain would leave the rest untold—
The sunlight now departs, and ebon night,
Starless and deep, must sadden o'er the close.

PART THIRD.

PART THIRD.

I.

THE BRIDAL day approached. It was the eve,
Whose morn should consummate their nuptial vows,
That Calidore and Florimel walked forth,
For one sweet hour's communion undisturbed,
Beside the waters of the murmuring sea.
And seldom hath the light of setting sun
Clothed in its radiance a more lovely pair
Than they who now received its golden beams.
Rarely doth heaven vouchsafe such beauteous forms
To bless our mortal vision, and incite
To strong conception of those shapes divine,
That wander ever 'mid the blissful bowers
Of immortality; whose beauty takes
From age no diminution, and no shade
From sorrow cast. 'Twas little that they said,

For the deep sympathies of loving hearts
Require not words to make their feelings known;
But in the maiden's eye there was a calm
And dove-like joy, a certainty of bliss
Too full for speech. Not so with Calidore—
Even in that hour when all things seemed combined
To wrap his spirit in serene delight,
A cloud of sadness darkened o'er his brow
Strangely at variance with his answered hopes.

II.

And thus 'tis ever with the gifted mind—
The soul is disproportioned to the world
In which it holds its being; and tho' all
That earth may yield of joy bless its possessor;
Tho' high ambition find its full reward,
And on the bosom of devoted love
His head be pillowed, still he may not rest;—
His eye is comprehensive, and he looks
Far in the embryon time; he looks and knows—
This fatal gift of knowledge!—knows that these,
Like all the fleeting shadows of the world,
Soon, soon must pass away!—this sense of change,
This mutability of earthly joys,
This vanity of all things here below,
How doth it press upon the boding heart
Of him, whose godlike vision sees beyond

The immediate, palpable—whose yearnings reach
The immutable, immortal, infinite!
The freshlier bloom the flowers of loveliness,
The brighter flush the heavens with kindling joy,
The deeper his prophetic soul's regret
The flowers must wither in the north-wind's breath,
The glowing heavens give place to coming night—
And in the garden of delight—he weeps!

III.

'Twas thus with Calidore—but more than this
Now weighed upon his heart with leaden power;
A strange foreboding of impending woe
Shrouded his spirit in unwonted gloom.

IV.

Last night he had a dream of dark presage:—
He seemed to wander by the lake's smooth marge,
As they did now—'twas night—he was alone—
And as he stood watching the stars at play
Upon the rippling sea, sudden, a form
Clothed in white raiment, from the deep arose!
By the wan light he saw 'twas Florimel—
Her cheek was deathly pale, her tresses dank
Clung to her marble bosom, and her eye
Shone with unearthly lustre!—as he gazed,

Toward him she stretched her shadowy arms and cried,
" Come to thy bridal bed!"—then slowly sunk,
Her eye still beaming thro' the lucid wave,
With love-beseeching glance! He plunged beneath—
The shock awoke him, all rejoiced to find
'Twas but a vision of perturbed sleep.

V.

To none had he imparted his strange dream,
But yet all day it pressed upon his heart;
He knew 'twas idle, but in vain he strove
To cast its dismal presence from his soul.
And as they wandered now to the same spot,
And, one by one, the twinkling stars came forth,
He shuddered, and the fountains of his heart
Flowed forth to his relief. And Florimel
Looked up into his face and saw his wan
And strangely sad expression, and the tears
Stand in his humid eyes, and catching then
The dark contagion of his troubled thoughts,
Flung her embracing arms around his form,
And wept upon his bosom unconstrained.

VI.

The bridal morning broke—the glorious sun
Rode up into the heavens triumphantly;
And as the vapors fled before his glance

Along the aerial mountains, lovelier scene
Ne'er burst upon the raptured poet's eye.
No breath disturbed the waters of the lake—
Calm as a sleeping infant there it lay,
The cloudless sky, the heaven-aspiring hills,
And every shrub that on its margin grew,
All mirrored in its bosom, with so clear
And bright distinctiveness, it seemed a world
Of more enchanting beauty lay below.

VII.

And on the lake there floated many a barge,
Ready to bear the bridal pageantry
Across the waters to the cloister's walls.
And in the castle there were hurrying feet,
Laughter and joy and richly vested forms—
Tokens of preparation;—for from afar
Guests were assembled for the nuptial feast,
Noble and fair, gallant and beautiful.

VIII.

And ere the sun had clomb the azure heavens,
Forth from the portal passed the bridal train,
And joyously embarked upon the deep.
'Twas a glad sight to see them as they swept,
In long procession, o'er the tranquil sea—
The nuptial barge distinguished from the rest,

By its rich canopy of woven silk,
And garlands of bright flowers—the flashing oars
Timed to the music, whose triumphant strains
Fled o'er the waters and were echoed back,
In tones more sweet, from many a mountain crag.
Ah! little thought that gaily moving throng
How soon their gladness should be turned to tears,
Those sounds of joy to shrieks of wild lament!
Death, from behind the mountains, even then
Looked grimly; and prepared the shaft, whose flight
Should lay the loveliest of their number low.

IX.

They reached the hallowed isle and disembarked;
And there, within the chapel's holy walls,
The vows were said, the hymenean sung,
And Calidore received his gentle bride.

X.

Once more the waters yielded murmuringly,
Beneath the burden of their lovely charge.
More sultry grew the heavens as they returned;
A solemn stillness brooded o'er the earth;
Nature seemed dead, save where the sea-bird flew
Screaming along the bosom of the deep.
But few remarked the change—glad music drowned
The sea-gull's boding cry, and on they swept—

When hark! a heavy sound shook the still air!
Distant it seemed and low, but like a knell
It thrilled the trembling heart of Calidore,
Blanching his cheek with awful augury!
And all with fear looked upward, and behold!
Above the mountain tops that girt the north,
Dark, threat'ning clouds were rising thick and fast—
And while they gazed, the lightning's livid flash
Leaped from their murky bosom, and again
The thunder's voice rolled thro' the vault of heaven!

XI.

With anxious heart, as one who knew too well
The winged fury of those mountain storms,
Sir Guyon bid them speed; and eyed the barge,
Where Florimel, pale as her bridal robe,
Drooped tearful, like a lilly dank with dew.
Some words of hope did Calidore essay,
But in so wild, so desolate a tone,
They served but to increase her gathering fears:—
The gloom of death was resting on his soul!

XII.

In awful pomp, the storm advanced apace—
Dark vapors stretch'd far o'er the frowning heavens,
While nearer burst the elemental roar!—
Down swept the hurricane! Appalled they saw

The tall oaks on the distant mountains bend,
And yield their foliage to the rushing blast!
It reached the lake and lo! the waters rose
Like mountains in its path!—on, on, it came!
With loud lament, or voices dumb with fear,
They watched its near approach, but watched not long;—
Sudden, high on the billows they were borne,
Then driven impetuous in its maddened course!
One piercing shriek rose wildly o'er the sea!—
The bridal barge was swallowed in the flood!
That fatal canopy, a noble mark
Had offered to the tempest, and it sunk
Deep in the eddying waves!—and Calidore,
As to the surface he bewildered rose,
Seized by a strong arm, as some barge swept by,
Was frantic borne far from his sinking bride!—
The boatmen, vigorous swimmers, reached the shore,
But she, the loved, the bright, the beautiful,
Beneath the waters found her bridal bed!

XIII.

Midnight upon the lake. The waters slept
Peaceful and calm as she who lay below;
The wearied winds were pillowed on the wave;
The clouds had vanished from the clear expanse;
The mountains reared their awful forms around,

Casting their shadow far across the deep.
Naught roused the echoes from their caverned rest,
Save the lone watch-dog baying from afar,
And the owl hooting to the rising moon:—
All nature lay hushed to a calm repose,
Like sleep of death after life's stormful day.

XIV.

Who wanders at this solemn hour of night,
With flaring torch along the lonely shore?
'Tis he, 'tis Calidore—but O, how changed!
Short agony hath done the work of years.
Like some tall oak, he seemed, by lightning scathed,
Blasted before his prime!—his sunken cheek
Shone ghastly in the torch-light—on his soul
Hopeless despair had settled, like a pall!—
The star of his existence had gone out!—
Long had she been the Pleiad of his hopes,
Toward whose far light his pinions ever soared;
But when, at length, he reached the radiant goal,
Lo! from the heavens it fell, and all was black!
But still a desperate hope illumed his eye—
He would again behold her, yet once more
Fold to his yearning heart his cold, cold bride,
Then rest with her forever 'neath the waves.

XV.

A bark lay moored beside the shelving beach—
His flaming torch he fastened to its prow,
And o'er the waters sped to seek his bride.
And long he sought—his glances ever bent
Down in the lucid waters—long he sought,
But not in vain—for lo! at length, she lay
Beneath his phrensied vision—beautiful!
Full many a fathom down, the maiden slept,
Pillowed upon a bed of wild sea-flowers:—
The bridal rose still bloomed within her hair,
And each bright jewel, at the altar worn,
Gleamed in the lurid light—her shadowy robe
Enwrapt her form in many a sculptured fold—
Pale, motionless and beautiful she lay,
Like one whose heart was soothed by dreams of heaven!

XVI.

And Calidore gazed till his brain grew wild:—
O, who may tell the thoughts that wrung his soul,
As thro' the crystal depths he watched his bride!
Was it but fancy?—to his phrensied gaze,
Her arms seemed lifting to allure him down!
No longer might he stay—wildly he shrieked,
"I come, my bride, my Florimel, I come!"
And ere those words had died upon the night,

The blue waves parted—closed—and tenantless,
That bark lay floating on the tranquil sea!

XVII.

'Tis centuries, long ago, since Calidore
Beneath the waters plunged to meet his bride—
But yet the legend tells that oft by night,
When slept the moonbeams on the placid wave,
Sweet sounds were heard to float along the deep,
And thus, in choral strains, the Naiads sung :

SONG OF THE NAIADS.

1.

Weep not, weep not for the beautiful dead!
Calmly they rest in their cold bridal bed;
Sweetly they sleep where the still waters flow,
Down, far down, in the depths below!

2.

Bride never rested in chamber more rare—
Lillies, white lillies, encircle them there,
Pale as the cheek they so fondly caress,
Pure as the hearts that were born but to bless.

3.

The sun's mellow rays thro' the bright waters
stream,
The moon to their couch sends a tremulous gleam,

The stars, as they move thro' the blue-vaulted sky,
Oft pause to look in where the fond lovers lie.

4.

Weep not, then, weep not for the beautiful dead!
Calmly they rest in their cold bridal bed;
Sweetly they sleep where the still waters flow,
Down, far down, in the depths below!

5.

Tho' loudly the tempest above them may rave,
More tranquil their slumbers beneath the wild wave,
Hush'd, hush'd their repose by the wind's hollow dirge,
As it mournfully howls thro' the dark-rolling surge!

6.

With arms interlocked in a lasting embrace,
No more in their bosoms shall sorrow have place—
Apart from earth's care, far apart from its woes,
O who would not welcome their peaceful repose!

7.

Weep not, then, weep not for the beautiful dead!
Calmly they rest in their cold bridal bed;
Sweetly they sleep where the still waters flow,
Down, far down, in the depths below!

8.

But no, 'tis not here that the beautiful rest,—
Their forms only slumber, their spirits are blest!
Afar, far away, in the pure realms above,
Immortal they wander, in beauty and love!

ADDENDA.

GO FORTH INTO THE FIELDS.

"The world is too much with us."—WORDSWORTH.

Go FORTH into the fields,
Ye denizens of the pent city's mart!
Go forth and know the gladness nature yields
To the care wearied heart.

Leave ye the feverish strife,
The jostling, eager, self-devoted throng;—
Ten thousand voices waked anew to life,
Call you with sweetest song.

Hark! from each fresh clad bough,
Or blissful soaring in the golden air,
Bright birds with joyous music bid you now
To spring's loved haunts repair.

The silvery gleaming rills
Lure with soft murmurs from the grassy lea,
Or gaily dancing down the sunny hills,
Call loudly in their glee!

And the young, wanton breeze,
With breath all odorous from her blossomy chase,
In voice low whispering, 'mong th' embowering trees
Woos you to her embrace.

Go—breathe the air of heaven,
Where violets meekly smile upon your way;
Or on some pine-crowned summit, tempest riven,
Your wandering footsteps stay.

Seek ye the solemn wood,
Whose giant trunks a verdant roof uprear,
And listen, while the roar of some far flood
Thrills the young leaves with fear!

Stand by the tranquil lake,
Sleeping 'mid willowy banks of emerald dye,
Save when the wild bird's wing its surface break,
Chequering the mirrored sky—

And if within your breast,
Hallowed to nature's touch one chord remain;
If aught save worldly honors find you blest,
Or hope of sordid gain;—

A strange delight shall thrill,
A quiet joy brood o'er you like a dove;
Earth's placid beauty shall your bosom fill,
Stirring its depths with love.

O, in the calm, still hours,
The holy Sabbath hours, when sleeps the air,
And heaven, and earth decked with her beauteous flowers,
Lie hushed in breathless prayer,—

Pass ye the proud fane by,
The vaulted aisles, by flaunting folly trod,
And 'neath the temple of the uplifted sky,
Go forth and worship God!

TO THE AUTUMN FOREST.

Resplendent hues are thine!
Triumphant beauty—glorious as brief!
Burdening with holy love the heart's pure shrine,
Till tears afford relief.

What tho' thy depths be hushed!
More eloquent in breathless silence thou,
Than when the music of glad songsters gushed
From every green-robed bough.

Gone from thy walks the flowers!
Thou askest not their forms thy paths to fleck;—
The dazzling radiance of these sunlit bowers
Their hues could not bedeck.

I love thee in the Spring,
Earth-crowning forest! when amid thy shades
The gentle South first waves her odorous wing,
And joy fills all thy glades.

In the hot Summer time,
With deep delight thy sombre aisles I roam,
Or, soothed by some cool brook's melodious chime,
Rest on thy verdant loam.

But O, when Autumn's hand
Hath marked thy beauteous foliage for the grave,
How doth thy splendour, as entranced I stand,
My willing heart enslave!

I linger then with thee,
Like some fond lover o'er his stricken bride;
Whose bright, unearthly beauty tells that she
Here may not long abide.

When MY last hours are come,
Great God! ere yet life's span shall all be filled,
And these warm lips in death be ever dumb,
This beating heart be stilled,—

Bathe thou in hues as blest—
Let gleams of Heaven about my spirit play!
So shall my SOUL to its eternal rest,
In glory pass away!

SONG—FROM GOETHE.

MANY thousand stars are burning
Brightly in the vault of night,
Many an earth-worn heart is yearning
Upward, with a fond delight.

Stars of beauty, stars of glory,
Radiant wanderers of the sky!
Weary of the world's sad story,
Ever would we gaze on high.